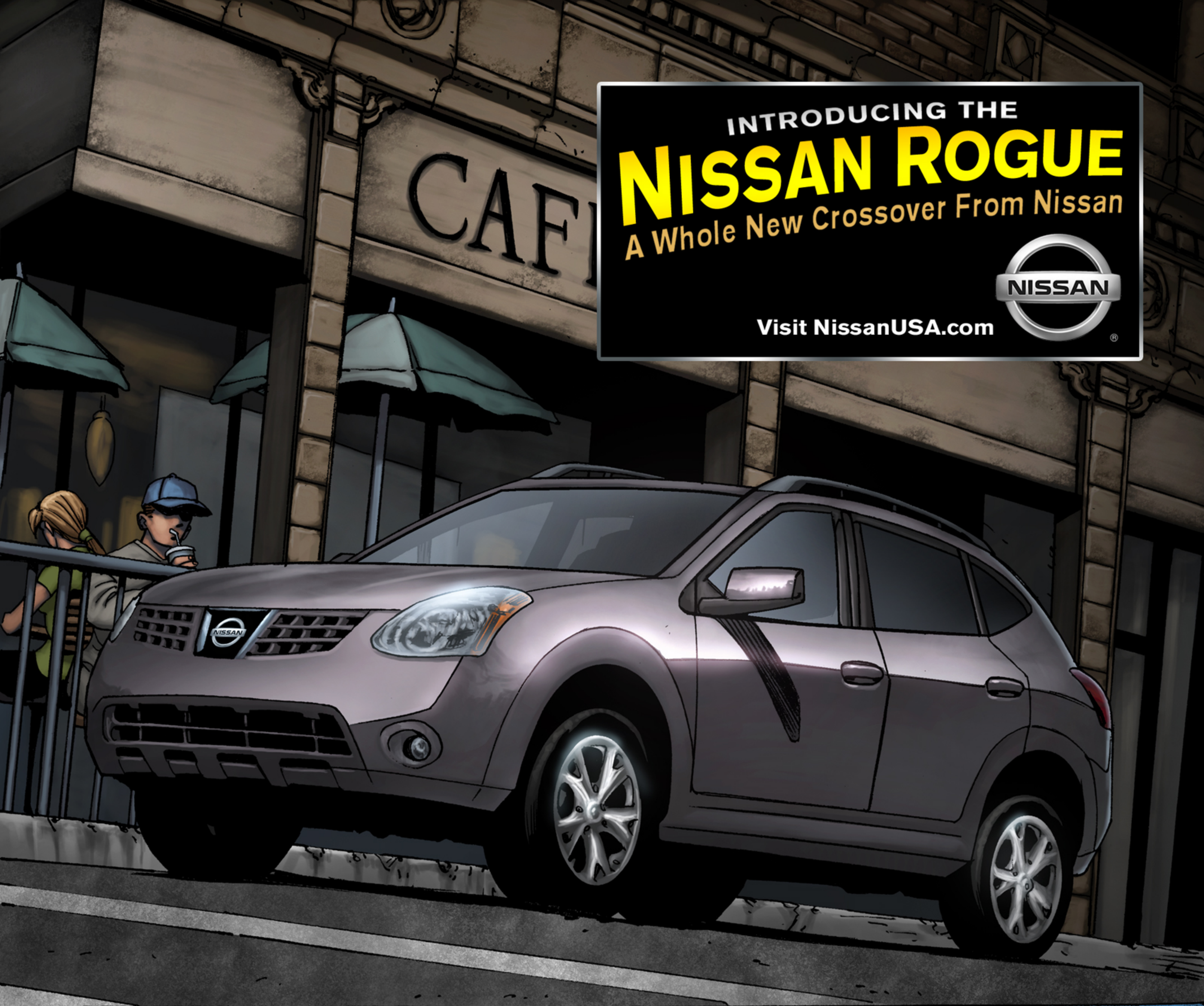


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HEROES

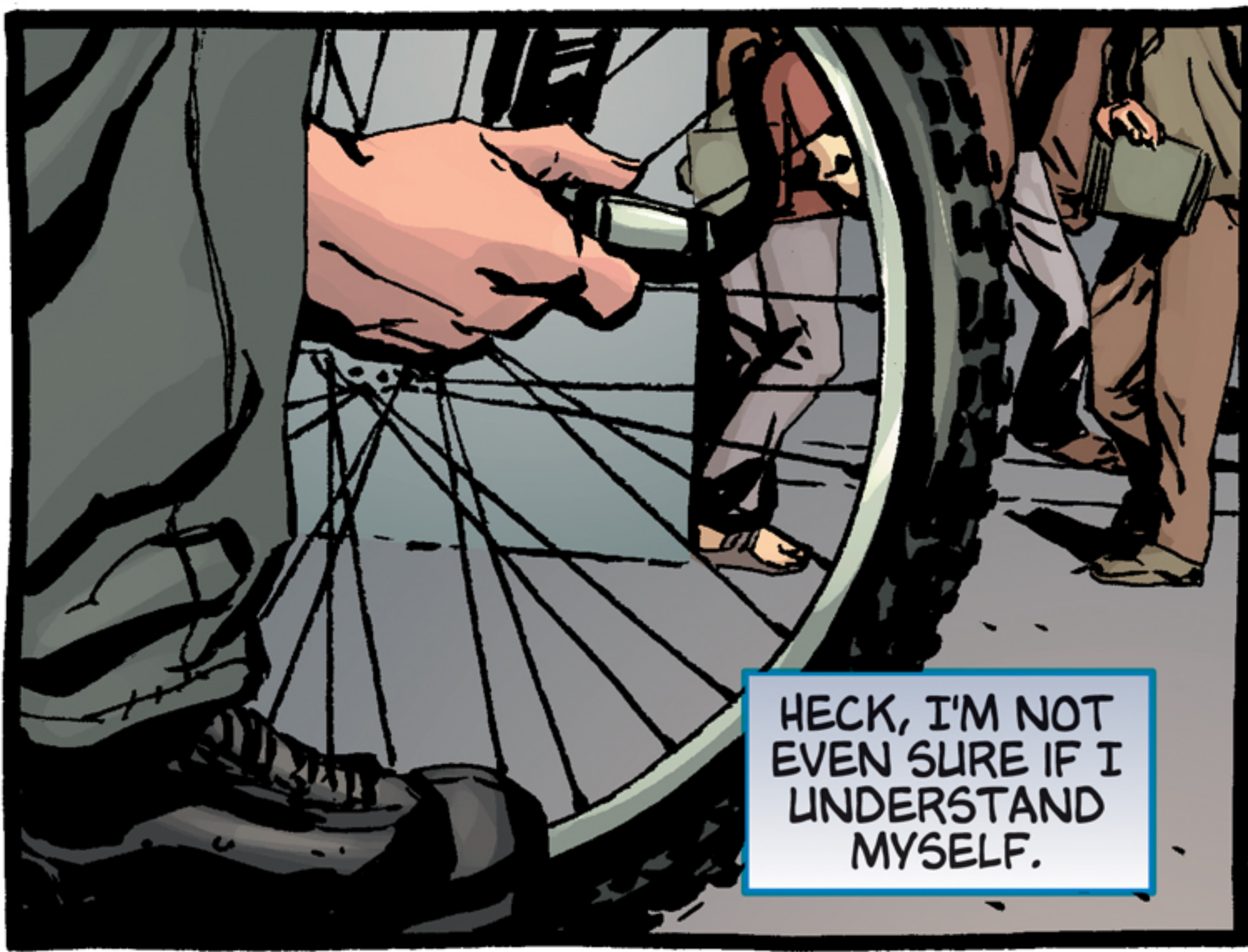
CHAPTER 62

SPECIAL

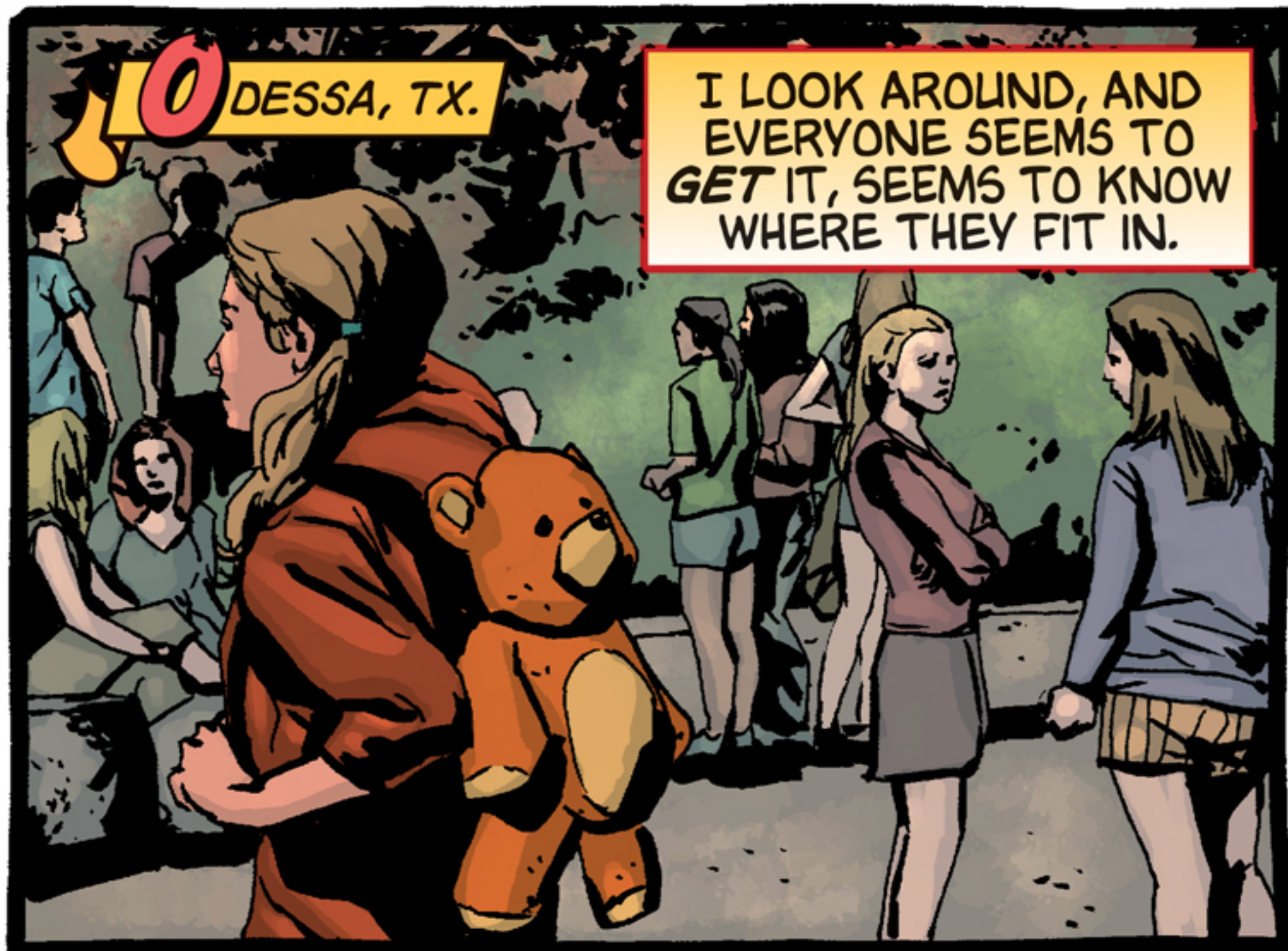
West has just learned his girlfriend's biggest secret: her father is the man who abducted him as a child. But what happened that fateful day?



NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME.



HECK, I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF I UNDERSTAND MYSELF.



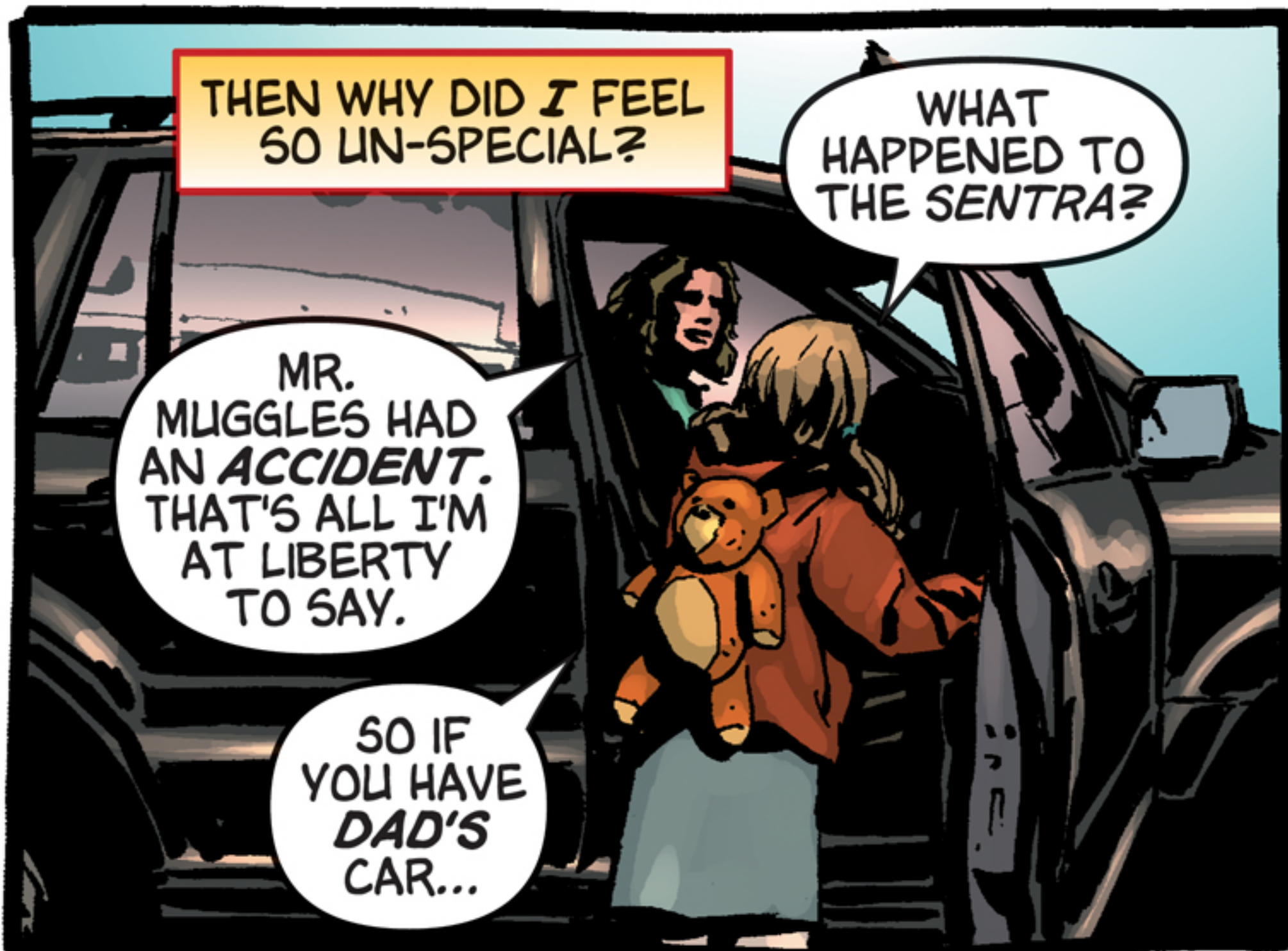
ODESSA, TX.

I LOOK AROUND, AND EVERYONE SEEMS TO GET IT, SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE THEY FIT IN.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

LIKE THEY WERE BORN WITH A ROADMAP TO WHO THEY WANT TO BE.

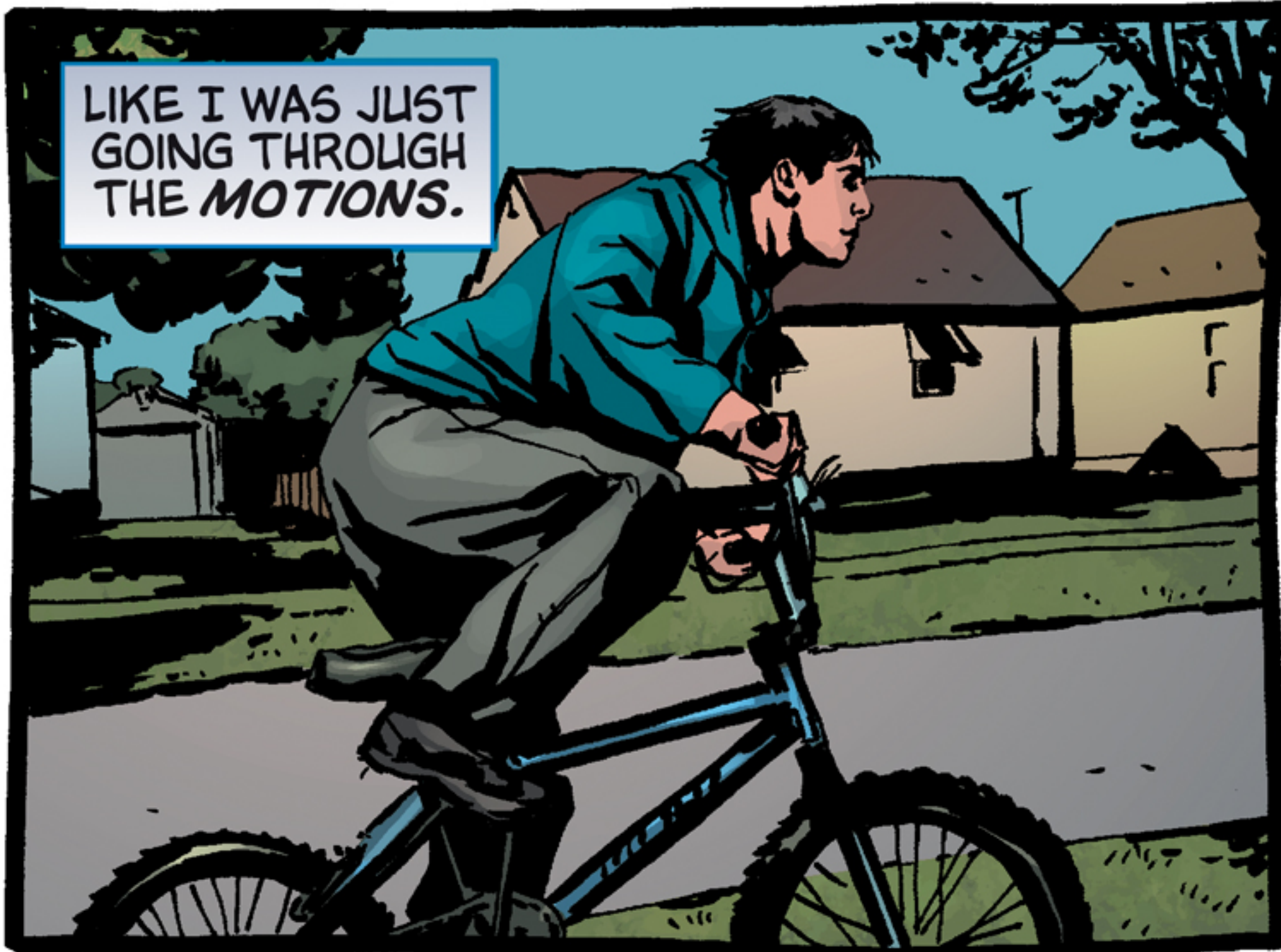


THEN WHY DID I FEEL SO UN-SPECIAL?

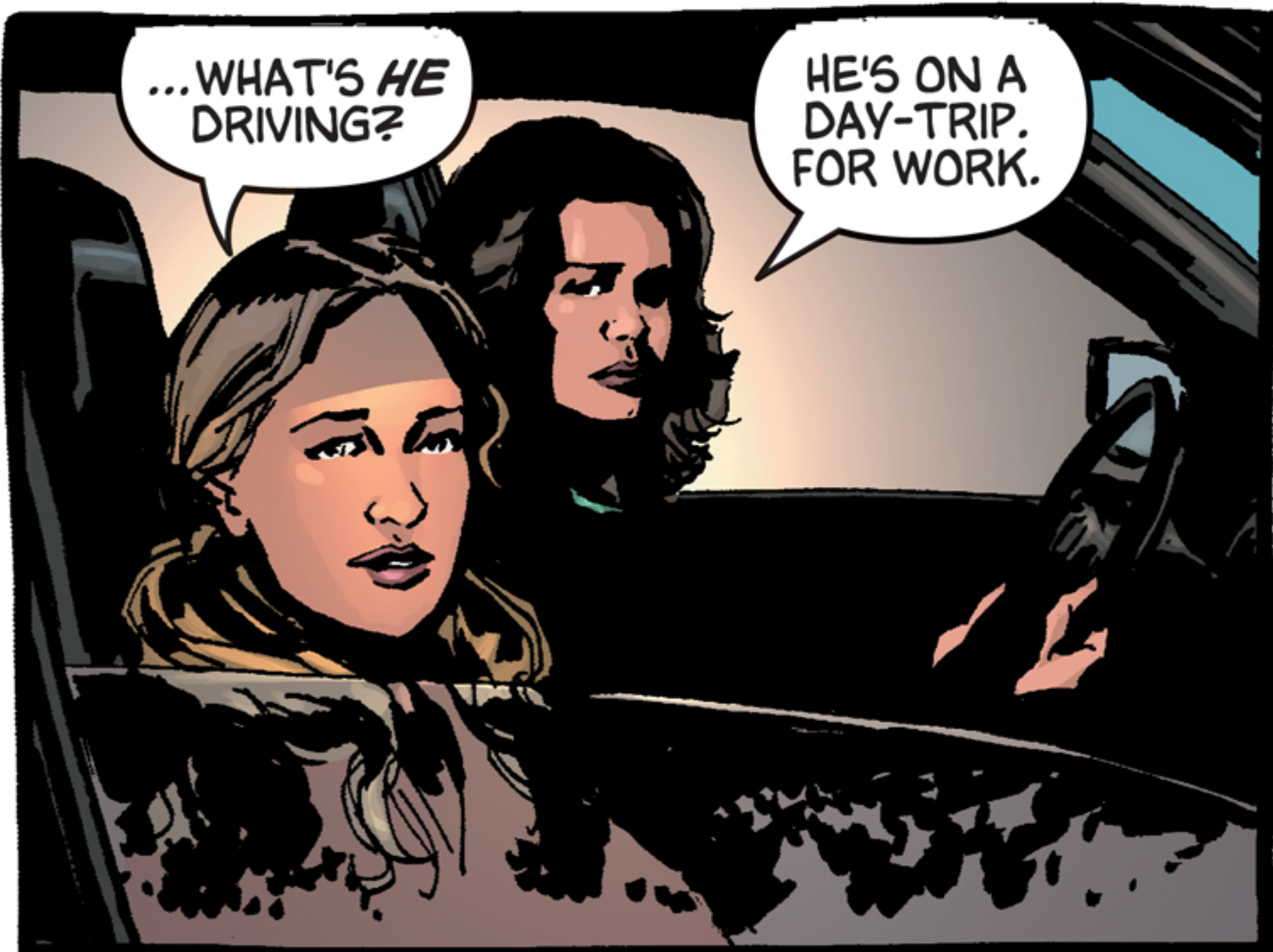
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SENTRA?

MR. MUGGLES HAD AN ACCIDENT. THAT'S ALL I'M AT LIBERTY TO SAY.

SO IF YOU HAVE DAD'S CAR...



LIKE I WAS JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.



...WHAT'S HE DRIVING?

HE'S ON A DAY-TRIP. FOR WORK.



EVERYTHING
AROUND HERE WAS
PREDICTABLE.

I JUST WISH I COULD
GO SOMEWHERE.
ANYWHERE. WHERE
SOMETHING **EXCITING**
WOULD HAPPEN.

CLAIRE!
I'M GOING TO
PICK UP YOUR
DAD! YOU
COMIN'?

TAKE IT WHERE
YOU CAN **GET**
IT, I GUESS.

I HAD **NO IDEA**
WHAT WAS
HAPPENING.

HAS HE
MANIFESTED
YET?

I DON'T
BELIEVE
SO.

GET THE
READINGS YOU NEED.
Q.C. HIS **TRACKING**
TAG. THEN GET HIM
CLEARED FOR
CHECK OUT.

YES,
SIR.

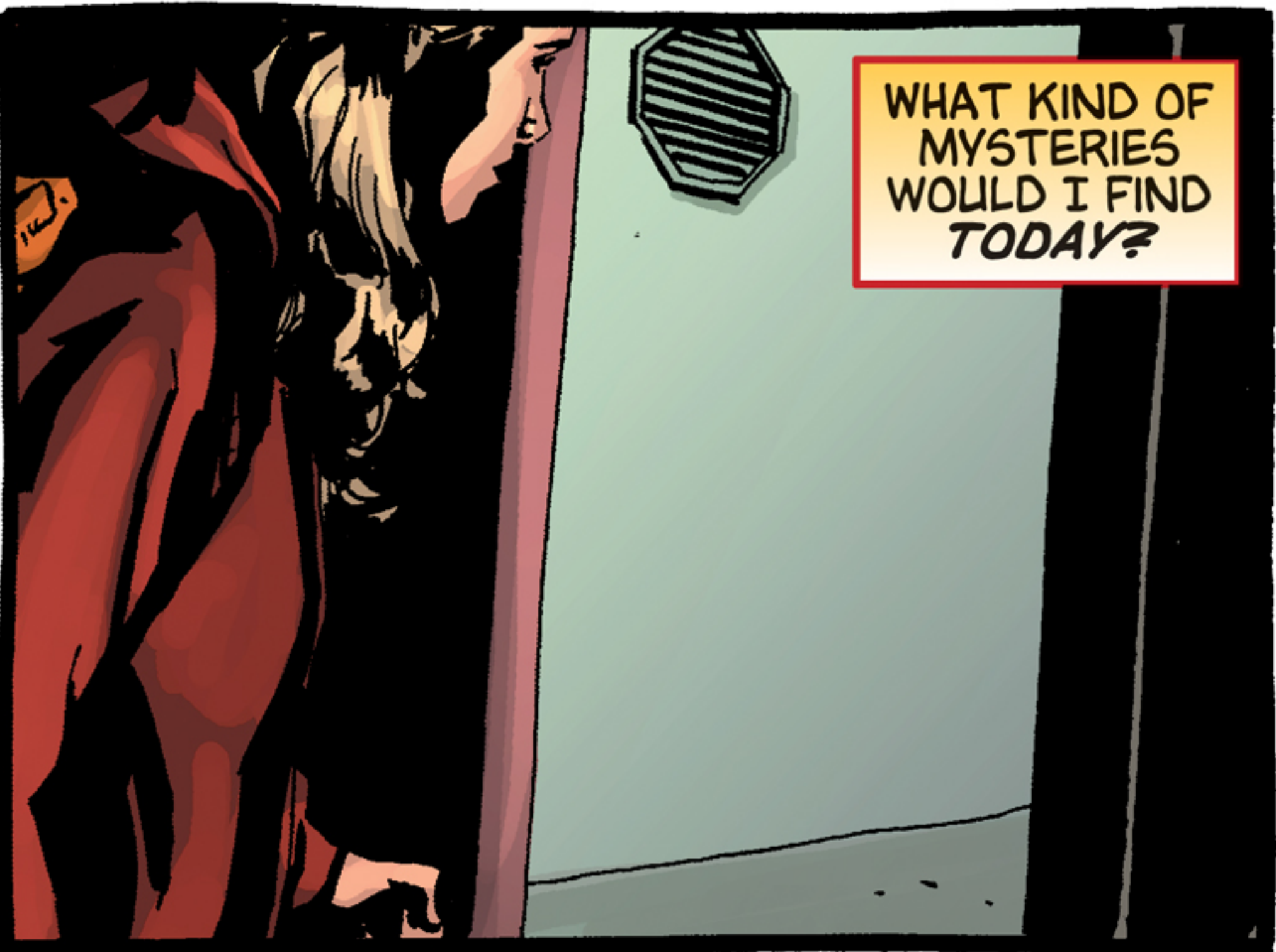
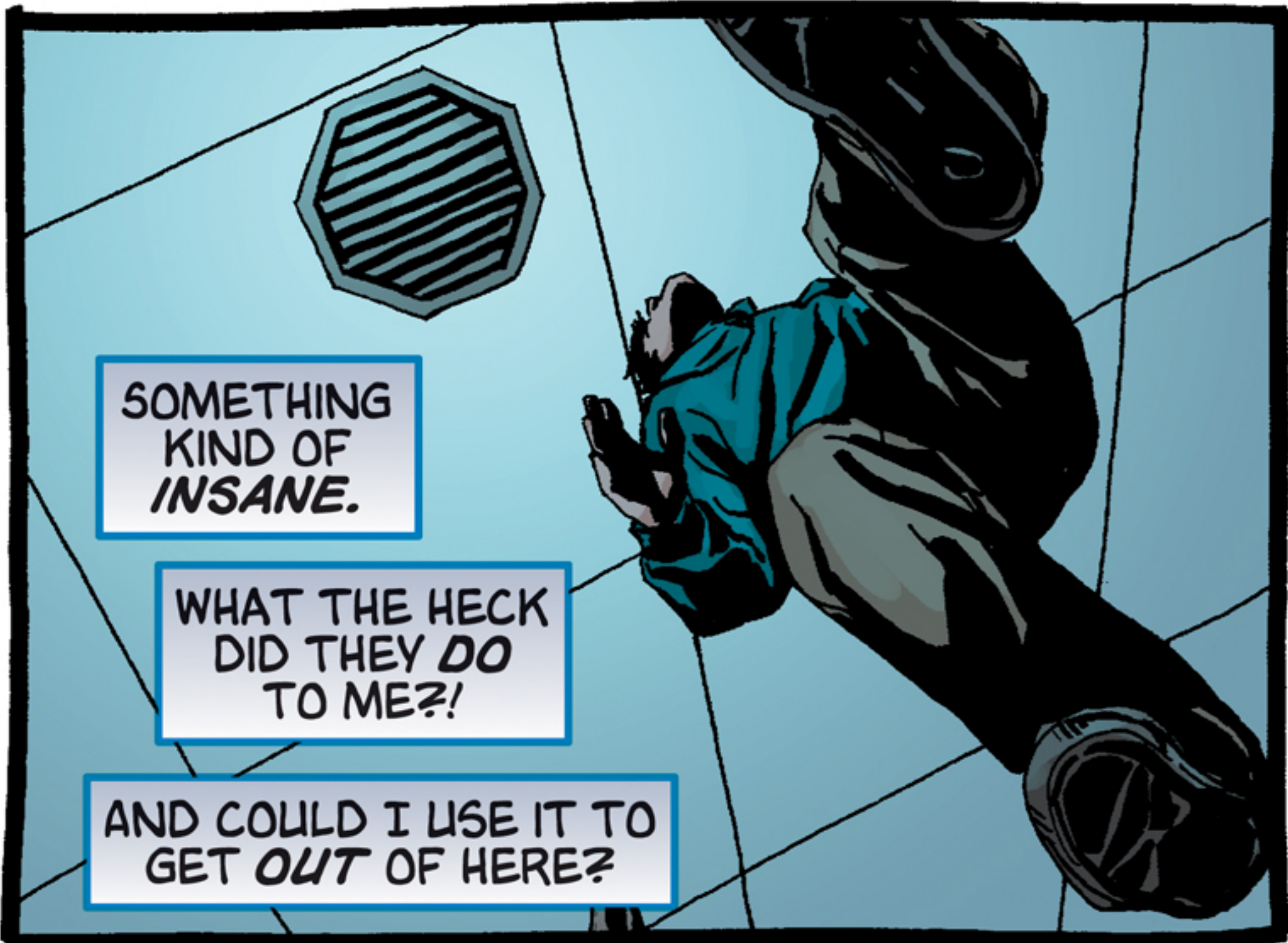
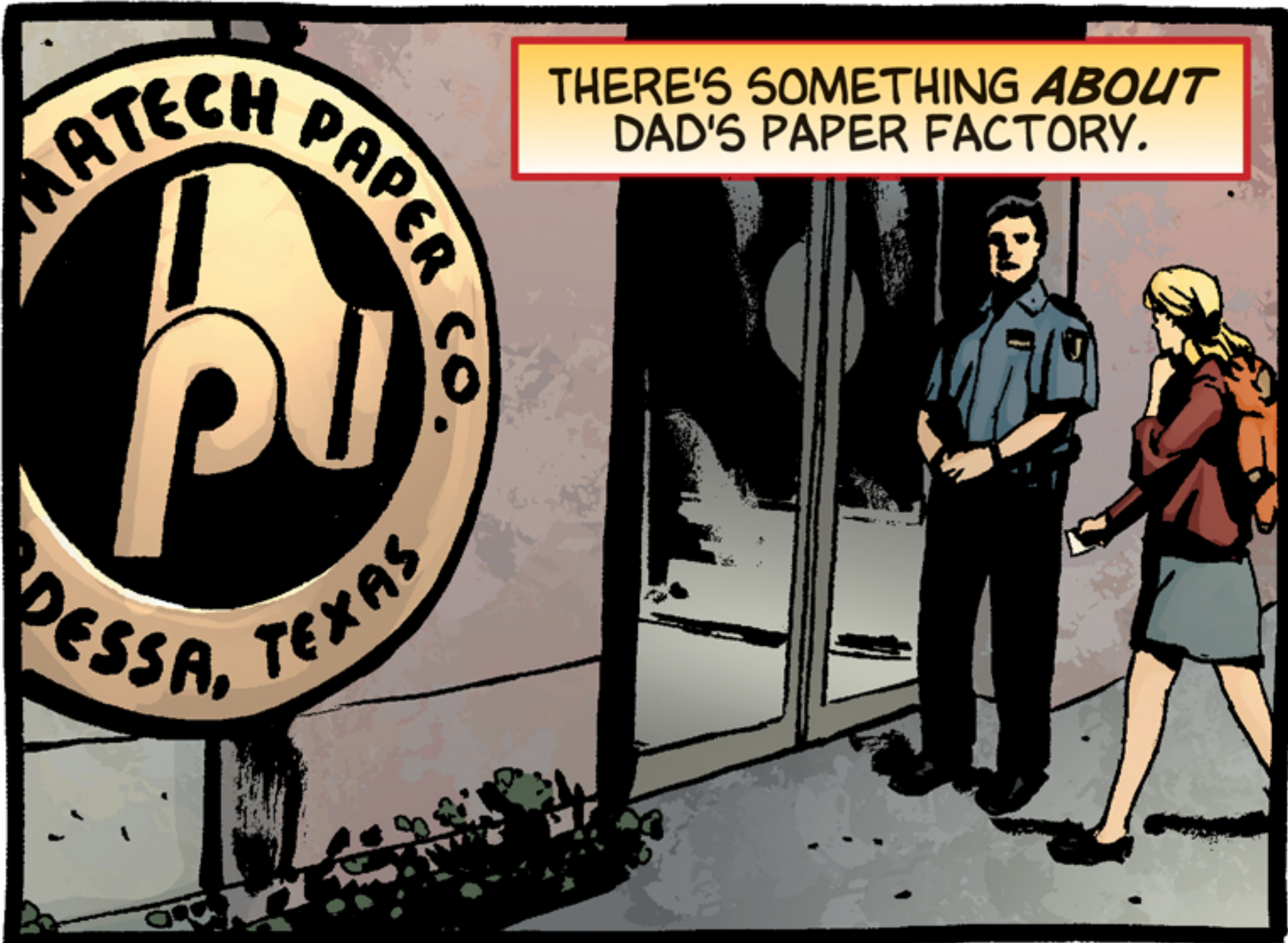
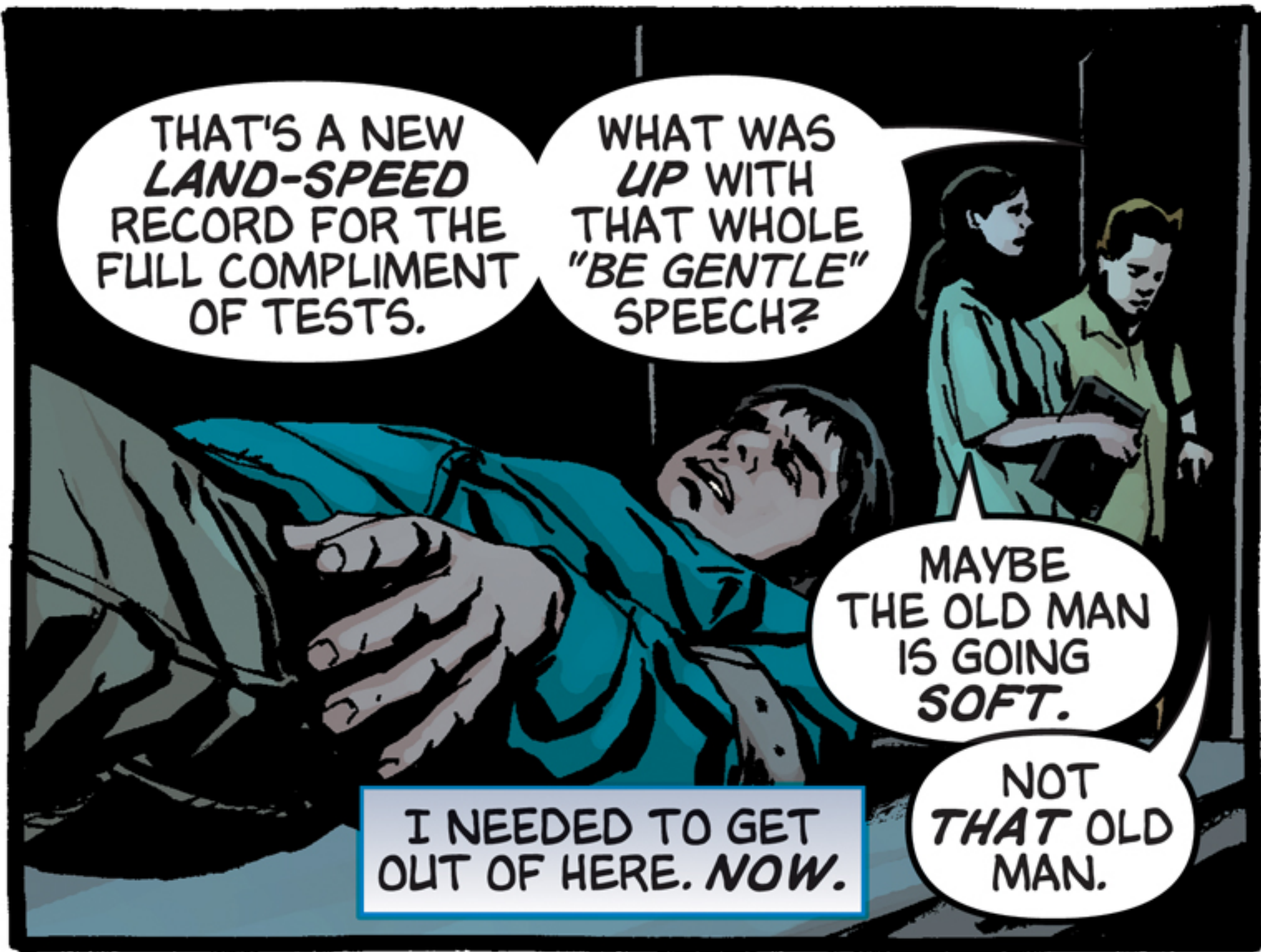
AND BE
CAREFUL.
GENTLE. HE'S
JUST A **KID.**

OF
COURSE.

ALL I KNEW IS
THAT I WANTED
TO BE **HOME.**

SPECIAL

JOE POKASKI *Story* MICHAEL GAYDOS *Art* CHRIS SOTOMAYOR *Colors* COMICRAFT *Lettering* Nanci QUESADA *Editor*





HEY!

ARE YOU
ONE OF
THEM?

ONE OF
WHO?

LISTEN.
YOU GOTTA
HELP ME!



HELP YOU
HOW? WHAT
ARE YOU *DOING*
IN THERE?

I
DON'T KNOW.
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

CLAIRE.



WHAT THE
HECK IS GOING
ON?

CLAIRE. I'VE
NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING
LIKE HER
BEFORE IN
MY LIFE...



LISTEN. I NORMALLY AM
KIND OF *INTIMIDATED*
BY SUPER-PRETTY GIRLS
LIKE YOU, BUT YOU
GOTTA *HELP* ME.

DID HE JUST
CALL ME
PRETTY?



HOW DID YOU GET IN THERE?



HERE'S THE *THING*, I DON'T REALLY *KNOW*, BUT...

LOOK OUT! *BEHIND* YOU!



CLAIRE!

THANK GOD, IT'S DAD. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

DAD, THERE'S A *BOY*, IN THE VENTS. HE'S IN *TROUBLE*.

WHAT?



I'M TELLING THE *TRUTH*. I *SWEAR*.

I *BELIEVE* YOU. LET ME CHECK.



HELLO?

SWEETIE, THERE'S *NO ONE* THERE.

DID I JUST *IMAGINE* ALL OF THAT?



WHY DOES IT SUDDENLY ALL FEEL LIKE A *DREAM*?

SO MUCH FOR *ADVENTURE*. MAYBE AN ORDINARY DAY ISN'T THAT BAD.



I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE I *WAS* ALL OF YESTERDAY.

ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT *MAN*.

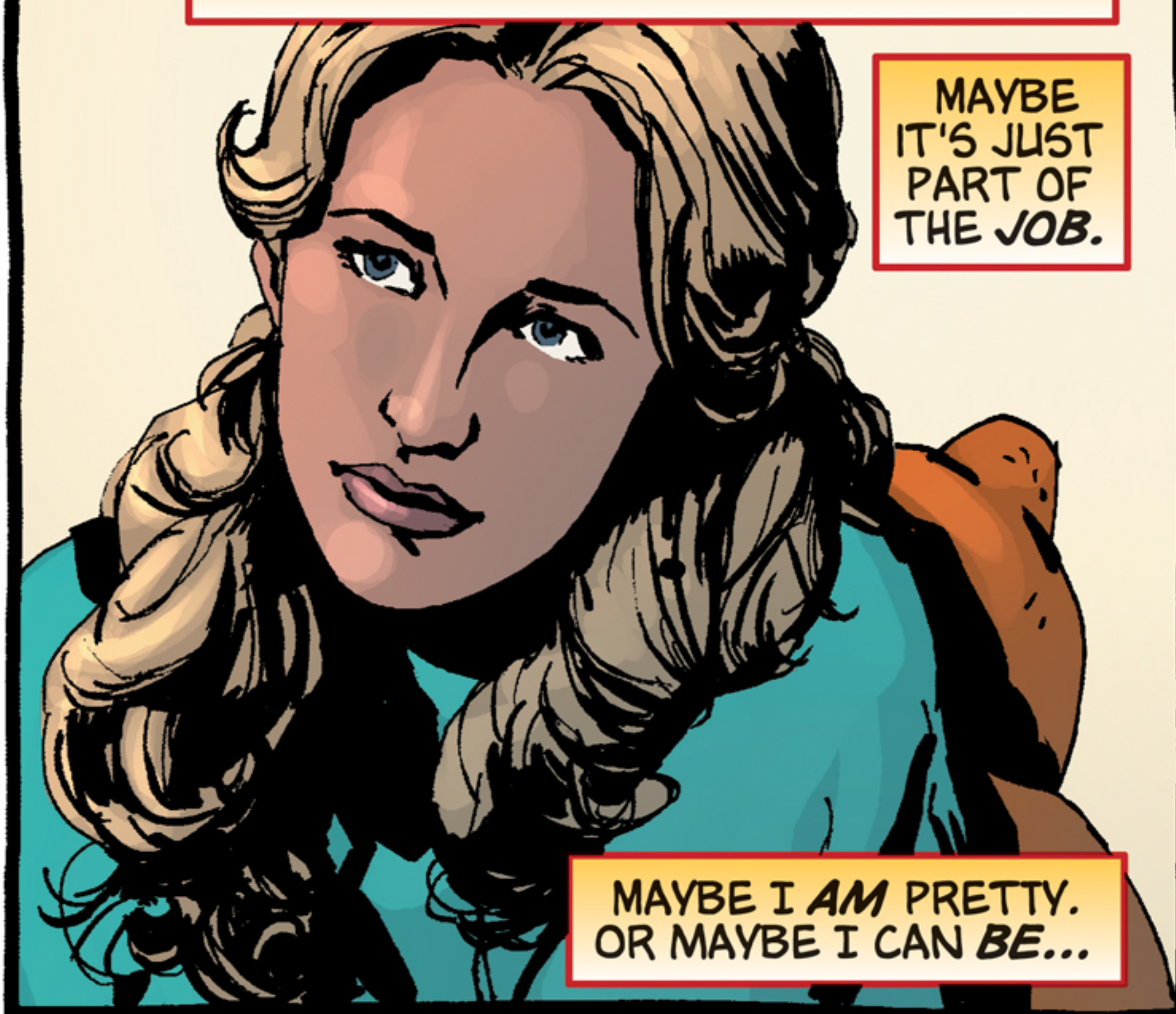
THOSE *HORN RIMMED GLASSES*.



MAYBE EVERYONE ELSE IS *SCARED* LIKE ME. LIKE THAT *BOY*, REAL OR IMAGINED.

MAYBE IT'S JUST PART OF THE *JOB*.

MAYBE I *AM* PRETTY. OR MAYBE I CAN *BE*...



WHATEVER HAPPENED, JUNIOR HIGH DOESN'T FEEL THAT *SCARY* TO ME ANYMORE.



MAYBE THAT LITTLE BIT OF *ADVENTURE* CAN *INSPIRE* ME A BIT.

MAKE ME MORE *ADVENTUROUS*.

MAYBE I'LL TRY OUT FOR *CHEERLEADING*.

WHO KNOWS...



MAYBE I *AM* SPECIAL.



The End